

Compliments 3
Nelson Miles Heikes

Sketch of the Life
of
Rev. Elijah Parish Lovejoy

By
REV. NELSON MILES HEIKES

Published by the Ladies
of the
G. A. R., ALBION, MAINE
1923

Freedom, N. H. Jan. 19, 1926.

Harry F. Lake ,

Concord, N. H.

Dear sir :

I want to thank you for the copy of your splendid address on the life of Abraham Lincoln. He is my American idol. Your address came to my notice while in the home of Hon. John A. Edgerly and I presume he told you of my desire for a copy.

I am sending you a minor companion copy of a sketch of the life of Rev. Elijah Parish Lovejoy who, in a true sense of working with Lincoln, was an associate with the great President. I trust that you will find the little sketch interesting if not helpful.

Again I thank you. Resp. yours.

Nelson Miles Heikes.

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“Lovejoy’s tragic death for Freedom in every sense marked his sad ending as the most important single event that ever happened in the new world.”

A. Lincoln

INTRODUCTION

It is a significant but sad commentary on our vaunted modern civilization that we fail to bestow our expressions of appreciation and love upon the great pioneer leaders of thought and action until they have been absent from us for many decades, or even centuries. The pages of this essay present a belated but stirring tribute to the valor of one of America's greatest apostles of freedom, Elijah Parish Lovejoy. This hero of peace, contrary to the more highly advertised heroes of war in all ages, has received little publicity heretofore, and even the erection of a monument to his memory at Alton, Illinois, in 1897, passed almost unnoticed by the American public and press. It was therefore the urge of deepest gratitude and esteem which prompted a number of present and former citizens of Lovejoy's birthplace, Albion, Maine, to present this deserved tribute to the memory of one of their noblest sons. To die in any noble cause is in itself a deed of martyrdom which only the few have achieved, but to proclaim the cause of human justice and liberty in behalf of a despised and downtrodden race until the bullets of bigoted and fanatical assassins have lain one low, is to have risen to the most glorious heights of human greatness. Too few, indeed, are they who have been willing to fight for man's choicest possession, human liberty, in the face of bitterest partisan, racial and national opposition, and Albion, Maine, may therefore feel especially honored in claiming Elijah Parish Lovejoy as one of her choicest contributions to the emancipation of humanity from the thralldom of physical and spiritual slavery. May this pamphlet honor the Ladies of the G. A. R. of Albion, Me., who have seen fit to publish it, honor the author who has so fittingly given expression to a great man's fight for truth and freedom, and honor the memory of Elijah Parish Lovejoy, a true American pioneer in the realm of human justice and an enduring milestone on America's winding pathway toward the sunlight of true humanitarianism.

CLEMENT VOLLMER, Ph. D.

Professor of Germanic Languages and Literature

University of Pennsylvania, October, 1923.

ELIJAH PARISH LOVEJOY, A MAINE MARTYR TO THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY

Great men like great events have come forth like the stars of the morning or like the grey streaks of dawn announcing the approach of a new day. Many times these men have been little appreciated as the importance of the events have been little understood. The God-chosen men who have come forth, as some have thought before their time, have been John the Baptists, heralding great and mighty truths on which a free and liberty-loving people could rest in security.

Indeed, the subject of our sketch was a John the Baptist, telling anew that all men were created free and equal and that there should be freedom both of tongue and press. He was indeed a martyr to the cause of freedom, for he fell in defence of what was right then, right now, and always will be right. In speaking of the martyrdom of Elijah Parish Lovejoy the immortal Lincoln said, "Lovejoy's tragic death for freedom, in every sense, marked his sad ending as the most important single event that ever happened in the new world."

Elijah Parish Lovejoy was born in Albion, Maine, Nov. 9, 1802. It was then called Freetown plantation. His father, Rev. Daniel Lovejoy, was the first minister of the gospel in the town and was one of the first settlers, and had in his veins the blood of the Puritans, whose power at this time had extended all over New England. Here in Albion the father of our sketch labored in the gospel ministry, and as the records show, much good was accomplished in the cause he loved so well. He must have been held in high esteem, for a beautiful sheet of water in Albion is known as Lovejoy lake or pond. The old cellar of the house where the subject of our sketch was born is visible and should be the Mecca of all liberty-loving people to keep in memory all those who have fallen in the defence of human rights.

Here in this town, where the people are proud of the defenders of the flag, Elijah Parish Lovejoy was born, and here he grew up, imbibing new views and cultivating the spirit which he afterwards said was the same kind that was in those who fought at Lexington and Concord.

After his preliminary education he entered Colby College, then Waterville College, and graduated from that institution in 1826. Early in life he was obsessed with the spirit of learning, which followed him to the time of his death. At the age of less than four years this passion became dominant in him, as exhibited in the way he learned his letters. He would ask his mother the name of a certain letter and then retire to his seat until it was fixed in his mind, and then ask the name of another letter, and so on, until the whole of the alphabet was learned.

While at Sunday-school one day the teacher told the class that they might increase their lesson for the next Sunday. During the leisure hours of the next week he committed the 119th Psalm and some twenty or more hymns to go with it. His soul seemed to drink in poetry as the dry land the gentle shower, and he early showed signs of poetic genius. He spent a single quarter of a year at Monmouth Academy, during which time he read Virgil, Cicero, and Sallust entire.

His preparatory studies were continued at intervals at China Academy, and in Sept., 1823, he entered Waterville College (now Colby College) as a sophomore. Before entering college he wrote a poem, which, to the writer, seems almost prophetic of the great World War. The "Lovejoy Memoir" says of the poem, "With allowance for youth and limited advantages, which the indulgent will make, it may be read with some interest." The poem is entitled "Europe." Having portrayed some of the wars of that continent he speaks of one more dreadful and overwhelming:

"But Europe's fields were drunk with blood,
 Drawn from the martyrs of their God;
 The sword of vengeance long had slept,—
 But justice still its vigils kept;
 Heaven guarded with a jealous eye,
 The day of retribution nigh.
 And Europe drank the cup of woe,
 'Till heaven, appeased, withdrew its hand,
 And mercy saved the sinking land.
 Back to a state of bondage turned,
 Yet freedom in their bosoms burned;
 And still they wish, in slavery bound,
 The prize oft sought and never found.
 An awful calm has filled their sky;
 Presage of some convulsion nigh:
 Like the low vapors deep and still,
 That hang around the sunny hill,—
 Ere some dreadful tumult shakes the skies,
 And all the heavens in anger rise.
 The wild, dark murmurings of despair
 Are kindling into madness there;
 Tyrants combined must try in vain,
 Its bursting fury to restrain;
 The spark of Freedom, Nature gives
 Oppressive bondage but revives.
 Taught by the errors of the past,
 Their arms shall meet success at last.
 Ah, who can view the fearful sight,
 When Europe rises in its might!
 In frenzied madness flies to arms,
 And sounds aloud death's deep alarms?
 O, the dreadful scenes that meet the eye,
 As wistful fancy passes by,
 Where the vast plain its surface wends,
 Far as the level sight extends!
 Whole nations in collected might,
 Fierce for the onset, join the fight,
 With beaming helmets nodding high,
 And broadswords flashing to the sky,
 With vengeful hearts, that scorn to yield,
 They stain with blood the verdant field.
 In battle's fiercest, wild array,
 Rise the dread tumults of that day,
 Fresh slaughter bathes the ensanguined ground,
 Heaps fall on heaps and groans resound;
 Fell Fury wantons o'er the plain!

Death's riot on its thousands slain!
 Nature alarmed, her voice awakes
 Earth to her inmost center shakes,
 Terror aloft its banner spreads,
 Death's angel hovers o'er their heads!
 From Etna livid flashes fly,
 And gleam the blackened sky.
 Heaven from on high its fury pours
 And ocean beats its sounding shores;—
 Hell's blackest fury urge the fight,
 Despair, wild rage, and dread affright;
 Discord the worst of all the train,
 Swells the red horrors of the plain!
 Fierce and more fierce the combat grows,
 And loud resound the hostile blows;
 Like lions rushing for their prey,
 Thro heaps they urge their way,
 Promiscuous mighty chiefs are killed,
 Rage, death and carnage load the field!
 Oh! tell not half the horrid tale,
 'Twould make the firmest spirit quail.
 Nations inhumed, unhonored lie,
 And dim the warrior's flashing eye!
 Lo! hovering clouds obscure the sight,
 And hide the scene in sable night.
 Turn where the pleasing theme would lead
 Where Freedom claims her dear-bought meed;
 Fell Tyrants from their thrones are hurled,
 Justice shall renovate the world!
 Its even balance holds secure,
 And anarchy shall rule no more;
 No more Oppression's cruel hand
 Spread devastation o'er the land;
 No more beneath a tyrant's frown
 Virtue shall cast her honors down,
 But white rob'd peace her arms extend
 And millions in her temple bend;
 From orient beams to western skies,
 Sweet incense from her shrine arise.
 O'er Nature's face new beauties spread,
 And skies her softest influence shed;
 No blasting stars' malignant breath,
 Shall scatter wide contagious death;
 The scorching sun its beams restrain,
 No billows toss the unruffled main.
 Light playful zephyrs fan the trees
 Sweet odors rise on every breeze.
 Heaven with its gifts descend to men,
 And Eden blooms on earth again.



Mr. Lovejoy graduated from Colby College with the first honors of his class in 1826, and soon afterwards commenced teaching in an academy. He continued doing this for a number of months and then set his eyes on the young and growing west. The broad and growing west was not more broad and growing than his ambition, for he longed to keep apace of the times and render a real service for God and humanity. Although his ambition was great there was a reluctance to leave his native town. On leaving Albion he wrote the poem "Farewell," in which he said:

Land of my birth! my native soil farewell:
 The winds and waves are bearing me away
 Fast from thy shores; and I would offer thee
 This sincere tribute of a swelling heart.
 I love thee: witness I do, my tears,
 Which gushingly do flow, and will not be restrained
 At thought of seeing thee, perchance, no more.
 Yes, I do love thee, though thy hills are bleak,
 And piercing cold thy winds: though winter's blasts
 Howl long and dreary o'er thee; and thy skies
 Frown oftener than they smile; though thine is not
 The rich profusion that adorns the year in sunnier climes
 Though spicy gales blow not in incense from thy groves:
 For thou hast that, far more worth them all.
 Health sits on thy rugged hills, and blooms in all thy vales;
 Thy laws are just, or if ever they lean,
 'Tis to mercy's side, to pity's call
 Thy sons are noble, in whose veins there runs
 A richer tide than Europe's kings can boast,
 The blood of freeman: *Blood which oft has flowed*
In Freedom's Holiest Cause: and ready yet to flow,
If need should be, ere it would curdle down
To the slow sluggish stream of Slavery.

In his farewell to his native home Mr. Lovejoy seemed to sense something of what would come to him in after years but he also showed that he was ready for whatever might come, that he was ready for the test. In the latter part of the year 1827 Mr. Lovejoy arrived at St. Louis, where he immediately engaged in teaching school, but

soon became an editor of a paper in that city. After serving for a time as an editor he came east and studied theology at Princeton, and in 1833 he was ordained a Presbyterian minister. Mr. Lovejoy's father was a Congregationalist, he graduated from a Baptist college and was ordained a Presbyterian minister. This was a splendid trio which made him strong to become a martyr, as he did in a few years. Soon after his graduation from Princeton he returned to St. Louis, where he became editor of the "Observer," a religious journal.

At this time anti-slavery agitation was rife throughout the states where slavery was prohibited. Mr. Lovejoy disclaimed any connection with abolitionists at this time, yet he was imbued with the old New England hatred of the iniquitous institution of slavery and with a great desire for the freedom of the press. He took occasion in the paper which he edited to put in paragraphs which gave a moderate yet telling effect on the institution which his soul loathed. He was at once severely censured and threatened for publishing his views in a slave-holding community, but he took occasion to remind those who opposed him that the blood which flowed in his veins was kindred to that which flowed at Lexington and Concord and that he did not propose to wear a chain.

In the spring of 1836 a negro prisoner was taken from the jail at St. Louis by a mob and fastened to a tree and there burned to death. An attempt was made to indict the instigators of the crime. The judge, in giving the charge to the jury, said that when a mob is harried by some "mysterious metaphysical and almost electrical frenzy to commit a deed of violence and bloodshed, the participants therein are absolved from guilt and therefore are not the rightful subjects of punishment." "If the jury," said the judge, "should find such the case before them, act not at all in the matter; for the case transcends your jurisdiction; it is beyond the reach of human law."

This abominable instruction, given by the judge to the jury, aroused the righteous soul of Mr. Lovejoy and he made several comments on it, which, we may be sure, were anything but commendatory. These comments aroused a deep sense of indignation in the people of St. Louis and as a consequence the office of the "Observer," which Mr. Lovejoy edited, was destroyed by a mob. He then determined to move to Alton, Illinois, but on arriving there his press was destroyed by a mob of lawless men and the fragments were thrown into the river. Some citizens reimbursed him for the loss of his press and another press was secured.

In August, 1837, another band of lawless men entered his office and the press and type were taken again and destroyed. Still another press was secured, but before it could be set up it was broken into fragments and thrown into the river. A body of men, believing in free speech and the free press, rallied around Mr. Lovejoy and said that it would not be right to submit to the dictation of a mob and offered to procure for him another press.

At about this time there was a convention of men met at Upper Alton, and there resolved that "the cause of human rights, the liberty of speech and the press imperatively demand that the press of the "Observer" be reestablished at Alton with its present editor." The opposite or pro-slavery party was equally determined that the paper should not exist. A general meeting of the citizens of Alton was called to see if the publication of the "Observer" would be permitted. At this meeting Mr. Lovejoy appeared with the zeal and bravery of one whose heart was on fire for the love of freedom. He addressed the meeting and said, "I am impelled to the course I have taken because I fear God. As I shall have to answer to Him in that great day, I dare not abandon my sentiments or cease in all proper ways to propagate them. I am fully aware of the sacrifice that I make in here pledging to

continue to the last. I am commanded to forsake father and mother, wife and children, for Jesus' sake, and as his professed disciple I stand ready to do it. The time for fulfilling this pledge, in my case, has come. Sir, I dare not flee from Alton. Should I attempt it I should feel the angel of the Lord with a drawn sword, was pursuing me wherever I went. It is because I fear God that I am not afraid of those who oppose me in this city. The contest has come here and here it must be finished. Before God and you all, I have pledged to continue it, if need be, until death; and if I fall my grave shall be made here in Alton."

This speech of the bold and brave man had a great effect on his would-be persecutors, and it was hoped that another mob could not be raised for further violence, but when another press was brought to Alton excitement reigned high. The arrival of the press was announced by the instigators of the mob by the blowing of horns. Men who were the friends of liberty volunteered to watch over the press where it was stored. Mr. Lovejoy was a man of such trueness of life that he could not bear to see his friends face danger alone for his sake, and thus he personally joined the watchers. On the evening of November 7, 1837, the watchers armed themselves and went to the place where the press was stored, resolved to defend it at the cost of their lives.

About nine o'clock, as the mob had not arrived, the majority of the watchers retired to their homes, leaving only about a dozen on guard; among them was Mr. Lovejoy himself. Near midnight about 30 or 40 men issued from drinking places in the community, prepared for dastardly deeds of violence. They began by throwing stones at the building where the press was stored and firing shots, and then set up the cry, "Burn them out." Preparations were being made to fire the building when the mayor of the city, who in part had maintained a

wavering disposition in the matter, appeared on the spot and offered to bear a message to Mr. Lovejoy and his friends to the effect that if they would surrender the press their lives would be spared. This offer was rejected and then went up the cry, "Fire the building and shoot every abolitionist as he leaves." This was done. The roof being on fire the defenders rushed out and fired on the mob and then returned to the building. Mr. Lovejoy and two others then stepped out and were fired on by the mob, who were hid behind a pile of lumber. One of the shots was fatal to Mr. Lovejoy, who lived long enough to return to the building exclaiming, "I am shot," and fell down and expired. Seeing that it was useless to hold out any longer those within the building sought terms of peace with the mob, but peace was not to be found, even though the mob had been informed that Mr. Lovejoy was dead. After a time nearly all of the defenders of the press gave up the fight and started to leave the building but were fired upon by the mob. The mob then rushed into the building and put out the fire and broke the press into fragments and then threw it into the river. The body of Mr. Lovejoy lay on a cot in the counting-room of the building and his murderers, strange to say, did not offer any indignities to the lifeless form that had fallen in the defence of the priceless boon of human liberty. This dastardly deed caused great excitement in the community where it occurred, some people defending and some excusing, and many denouncing Mr. Lovejoy.

The brother of Mr. Lovejoy, in the "Memoirs" which he wrote, says: "The next morning the bloody remains of our brother, were removed by a few friends from the warehouse to his dwelling; and as the hearse moved slowly along through the street, it was saluted with jeers and scoffs, which showed that the hatred of enemies still raged in their breasts, unsatisfied even with his blood.

One who had been a principal actor in the horrid tragedy of the previous night, said, if he had a life, he would play the dead march for him. Mr. Lovejoy was buried on Thursday, the ninth of November, just 35 years from the day of his birth. There was not a large number who attended the funeral. He looked perfectly natural, but a little paler than usual, and a smile was still resting on his lips. He sleeps in a graveyard a short distance from his dwelling, between two large oak trees, one standing at his head and one at his feet."

Mr. Lovejoy's wife was not at home at the time of his death, having gone to Upper Alton the same day in order to avoid the state of alarm and apprehension. When told that her husband was killed, she sank down senseless, "trembling," says one present, "as though an arrow had pierced her heart." She remained in this state for several days and was not able to attend the funeral of her husband. After her partial recovery she went to her house to stop for a few days before going to the home of her mother at St. Charles, Mo. Before going away she went to the grave of her husband and wept freely but was not much agitated. Mrs. Lovejoy said on her return from the grave that she hoped that she might live to train up her little son to imitate the example of his father. The son at the time of his father's death was about one year and eight months old. At this time, I dare not forbear to pay a tribute to Mrs. Lovejoy, who must have during these trying times paid a great price for the freedom which her husband loved so well. With her little son clinging to her who can tell the sorrow of that heart and the great apprehension of fear which must have been hers when the intense hatred was being hurled at her husband, who dared to face the mob and say, "The contest has come here, and here it must be finished. Before God and you all I have pledged to continue it, if it need be, until death, and if I fall my grave shall be made here in Alton."

In view of the part which Mrs. Lovejoy played in the trying times when her husband was so cruelly murdered let me quote from one of the poets :

“They talk about a woman’s sphere
As though it had a limit;
There’s not a place in earth or heaven,
There’s not a task to mankind given,
There’s not a blessing nor a woe,
There’s not a whispered ‘yes or no,’
There’s not a life, a death, or birth,
That has a feather’s weight of worth,
Without a woman in it.”

Ellery Channing was the foremost of those who said that this man who died at the hands of the mob was entitled to the honors of a martyr to the freedom of speech and of the press. There were other men high in public station and influence who did not hesitate to say, “He died as a fool dieth.”

It is interesting to know what the different people in the different cities throughout New England thought in regard to the death of Mr. Lovejoy. The following resolutions are taken from the “Memoirs of Mr. Lovejoy.”

“BANGOR, MAINE.

“At a special meeting of the Bangor anti-slavery Society, Nov. 27, 1837, Whereas, the late Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy, of Alton, Ill., was a native of this state, his aged and excellent mother and other members of the family being still resident in our vicinity, and well known at least to many of us—

“Resolved, That in our judgment he was an intelligent, talented, upright, noble-hearted man; a sincere and consistent Christian; an able, independent and faithful minister of the Gospel; a bold and uncompromising enemy of oppression in all its forms; a self-sacrificing friend and

defender of civil and religious liberty, of truth and righteousness, whose name and whose virtues deserve to be embalmed in the memory of every friend of God and man."

"BELFAST, MAINE.

"In pursuance of a notice previously given, a public meeting was held at the North Church, on the evening of the 30th of Nov., 1837, for the discussion of resolutions expressive of the sentiments of our citizens, relative to the assassination of the Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy, the Hon. Alfred Johnson being chosen chairman, and B. P. Field, jr., secretary. The following resolutions were reported by a committee, discussed and unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That in pursuance to the public notice which called this meeting, we have assembled, not as men of any party, civil or religious, but on the broad ground of American citizenship, to pass resolutions in regard to the topic specified, as truth and the good of our country may in our estimation demand.

"That the Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy, a highly respected citizen, recently of this state, who was on the 7th inst. assassinated by a mob at Alton, Illinois, in consequence of an attempt on his part to protect his property, liberty and life when no legal protection could be obtained—has fallen a martyr in the defence of rights which are guaranteed to every freeman by the constitutions of the general and state governments; the rights of which our country has made her highest boast, and which are dear to every American citizen."

"CONCORD, N. H.

"That in the destruction of the Alton 'Observer,' the freedom of conscience and of religious opinion was assailed, and that it especially behooves the pulpit and the press to lift up their voices in vindication and defence of that freedom, and against any attempt to infringe its full exercise. That in the opinion of this meet-

ing, the blood of E. P. Lovejoy is no less an offering in behalf of the constitutional rights of American freeman, than it is in behalf of the enslaved.

“Resolved, That our brother, the late E. P. Lovejoy, in laying down his life in vindication of his just rights, has become a martyr not only to the doctrines of abolition, but to the principles of law and order; and that the blow aimed at him in the destruction of his life and property has struck at the liberty and rights of every American citizen, and of every human being.

“That the persevering determination of Mr. Lovejoy to publish his paper at Alton, his exposure of property and life, and firm resistance even unto death, of the outrageous and murderous attempts to destroy his press, so far from a spirit of obstinacy and reckless defiance, was the result of a duty which he owed to the principles of liberty, the rights of conscience and the freedom of the press, and should be honored and revered by every Christian and freeman.”

Not only did the anti-slavery societies pass resolutions concerning Mr. Lovejoy's death but the press in nearly all sections of the North condemned the acts of the mob at Alton that laid low the great champion of human rights. Let us notice some of them:

“Portland Transcript, PORTLAND, MAINE.

“The hand so often raised to bless lies powerless; the lips that moved in prayer will move no more—his spirit so gentle, yet so firm, is happy with its God. His affectionate wife, who so lately periled her life in defending his, was by last accounts still insensible—his child fatherless and the mother a widow. Who would say that the work of the murderer is incomplete? They desired to silence him, and he is dead—and the press they feared is destroyed. And yet, though Lovejoy earned the crown of martyrdom, and has been taken from among us, he speaketh, and in a voice of thunder that

shall penetrate where his living voice would never have been heard—and moves thousands of hearts which arguments never could have moved.”

“BELFAST *Journal*,

“The curse of God be on the head of the mob. This will do more for the abolition cause than could a score of presses and a hundred missionaries. Lovejoy was a native of Albion, Maine. He died a martyr in the cause of liberty, of speech and the press.”

“*Maine Eastern Baptist*.

“A martyred Lovejoy has unloosed the tongues of thousands, and compelled them to speak out for God and their country. The oppressed portion of our fellowmen, however degraded by the awful curse of slavery, for whom he labored, have, by his martyrdom and death, gained a phalanx of firm and decided friends. Instead then of being disheartened, let the friends of freedom and the press arise from their lethargy; let them urge with tenfold more earnestness the cause of their countrymen in chains—let the PULPIT lift up its voice—let the fervent orisons of all the professed followers of Him who ‘went about doing good’ ascend on high—let every one who fears God and loves man be filled with a new, a re-animating impulse to press forward in the cause of freedom, until every chain is broken; and soon we shall see the oppressed delivered out of the hand of the spoiler, and our country saved from a fearful destiny.”

There went up from the various sources laments for the seemingly untimely death of Mr. Lovejoy. This mob violence was but the forerunner of the greater violence launched not against a man, but against a nation which was striving to bring liberty to the enslaved and insure the rights of speech and the press to all.

Twenty-four years elapsed from the time of his martyrdom, years of growing discontent, until the festering sore

of American slavery burst out in the secession of the southern states, and then those years of dreadful warfare, when brother fought against brother, and many a lad of the North and South bit the dust.

Even those days are now only a memory and we are living in the land of the free and the home of the brave. Today we are enjoying the blessings of liberty of speech and the press as a direct result of what Elijah Parish Lovejoy upheld in those days when it was no easy thing to speak forth the truth of the Ruler of the Universe.

Sentiment has long since changed in Alton, Illinois, where Mr. Lovejoy met his martyrdom. Instead of that hatred toward the man who dared to do his duty even in the face of impending storm there is a loyalty and devotion to the principles which were once spurned and trampled on. The few who stayed by Mr. Lovejoy in his days of trial have grown to be a host and the place where his form sleeps on the bank of the Mississippi river is marked by a magnificent monument erected by the state of Illinois and the citizens of Alton. In 1894 the legislature of Illinois appropriated \$25,000 for a monument and with what the citizens of Alton gave, a monument ninety-three feet tall has been erected. The base is circular in form and is elevated four feet above the ground. The central or grand column of the monument supporting the statue of Victory, representing the triumph of free speech and a free press, is of solid granite and it stands on a pedestal, the four panels of which bear the insignia of Lovejoy, which was made from the only likeness of him, a silhouette.

Thus Alton takes great pride in honoring a man that was once hated and despised in their midst. Thus right will triumph in the end and every one who does his duty will come unto his own at last.

For a long time the birthplace of Mr. Lovejoy, on the west side of the beautiful sheet of water that goes by his

name in Albion, has been passed by as of no special interest. Within a few years new interest has been taken by the people of Albion in their son of real fame and Colby's most noted graduate. The noble band of patriotic women in Albion, the Ladies of the G. A. R., have become interested in the birthplace of Mr. Lovejoy and are now interesting others in making this place a shrine of patriotic devotion. The little cemetery, where sleep the forms of Rev. Daniel Lovejoy, father of the subject of this sketch, and other relatives, is close by the old birthplace, and has been fixed up by the abovenamed society of women who now own the cemetery. Mr. Abel Spaulding owns the farm, and has given a deed, to the women, of the sacred plot of ground where sleep the forms of those who once loved our hero more than tongue could tell.

The graduating class from Colby College, 1921, desiring to erect some kind of a memorial to Mr. Lovejoy and present it to the college, sent a committee to Albion, who, with the writer, went to the old birthplace of Mr. Lovejoy and selected a quartz stone from the foundation of the old chimney and transferred it to the Colby campus, where the class had it erected on a cement base on the west side of the chapel of the Colby campus. On the stone is placed a bronze tablet designating from where the stone was taken and in whose memory it was erected.

This class has done a splendid thing for the college in memory of the man who did so much for the cause of freedom, by erecting this memorial stone. It will speak to coming generations of heroism unexcelled in those days and it will inspire students who walk over the old haunts of our great hero to go and do likewise.

By a rather strange coincident, while the Radcliffe Chautauqua was in Albion, Me., in August, 1921, the Porter Concert Company, who accompanied them, was from Alton, Ill. Knowing the intimate history of the

martyrdom at Alton they were very anxious to visit the old birthplace of Mr. Lovejoy. The writer accompanied them to this place, and while there arrangements were made for him to ship a stone from the foundation of the old chimney to Capt. Porter at Alton, Ill., the stone to be used there as a memorial to Mr. Lovejoy. Having come from the old home place it would be of special meaning to the people of Alton. This stone was shipped in June, 1922, and has since been erected in Alton, according to the following clipping from the Alton "Telegraph:"

"STONE FROM THE LOVEJOY HOME TO BE
ACCEPTED.

"On the morning of May 30, 1923, Decoration Day, there will be a short ceremony at the Sparks Milling Co. office ground that will be of interest to those interested in history. On that morning a large stone from the home of Elijah P. Lovejoy, a stone from the home where he lived and played as a boy, will be set beside the relic of the Lovejoy printing press in the Sparks Milling Co. office yard.

"The stone was brought back to Alton by Capt. Sumner Porter of the Western Military Academy, who was visiting at Albion, Me., last summer. He presented it to the Rotary Club and on May 30th, at nine o'clock in the morning, a service will be held where the stone is set and the Rotary Club will present the stone to the Madison County Historical Society, the president of that society, W. D. Armstrong, receiving it. It was thought best to place the historical stone close to the Lovejoy press relic where it will be accessible to view of many who may be interested. Persons interested in Lovejoy are invited to attend this service on Decoration Day morning at 9.00 o'clock, at the Sparks Milling Co. office."

Another memorial to Mr. Lovejoy is proposed by the Ladies of the G. A. R. of Albion, Me. It is to consist of a stone taken from the birthplace of Mr. Lovejoy, prop-

erly inscribed, and placed on the lawn in front of the Christian church in the village. As Mr. Lovejoy's father, Rev. Daniel Lovejoy, was the first minister of the gospel in the town the memorial stone will be very appropriate. Much credit is due to the Ladies of the G. A. R. for their untiring efforts in keeping alive the memory of Albion's great hero.

It is in the hope that the talents, high moral courage, the firmness, yet tenderness, and large faith of Elijah Parish Lovejoy may not be forgotten by the youth of his native town, nor by others who may read this sketch, that the writer, at the suggestion of the Ladies of the G. A. R., has written this sketch.

With his brother the writer can say, "We can not doubt that those ties which twined so closely around his heart, and which were so rudely and wickedly sundered, have been healed in that place of peace and blessedness dimly foreshadowed in the following lines from his own pen:

THERE IS AN ISLE.

There is an isle, a lovely isle
Which ocean depths embrace,
Nor man's deceit, nor woman's wile,
Hath ever found the place.
How sweet 'twould be, if I could find
This isle, and leave the world behind.

See from the heaven-born Pleiades,
Comes the young, blooming spring;
Her light car yoked into a breeze,
With aromatic wing;
Gaily she drives around its shores,
And scatters all her purple stores.

Eternal calm hangs o'er its plains,
Its skies are ever fair;
In nectar'd dew descends its rains;
No fire-charged clouds are there,
To speak in thunder from the path
Of God come down to earth in wrath.

Its silvery streams o'er crystals flow,
 Where sparkling diamonds be,
 And, sweetly murmuring, gently go,
 To meet a stormless sea;
 And in their clear reflective tide,
 In golden scales the fishes glide.

Melodious songsters fill its groves,
 To harmony attuned;
 Where saints and seraphs tell their loves,
 Their golden harps around,
 In strains as soft as charmed the hours,
 When man was blest in Eden's bowers.

No birds of blood, nor beasts of prey,
 Can its woodlands breathe;
 Peace spreads her wings o'er every spray,
 And beauty sleeps beneath;
 Or wakes to joy her varying note,
 From every golden feathered throat.

No gloomy morning ever gleams
 Upon this isle so fair;
 No tainted breeze from guilty climes
 Infects the evening air;
 For in the light of every star
 Are angels watching from afar.

Oh! I would leave this wretched world,
 Where hope can hardly smile;
 And go on wings by faith unfurled,
 To reach this happy isle;
 But that some ties still bind me here,
 Which while they fetter, still endear.

I would not that these should part,
 Till He, and He alone,
 Who wound them finely round my heart,
 Has cut them one by one:
 And when the last is severed, then
 Upon this isle 'twill heal again.

REV. NELSON MILES HEIKES,
 Freedom, N. H.,
 September 22, 1923.

